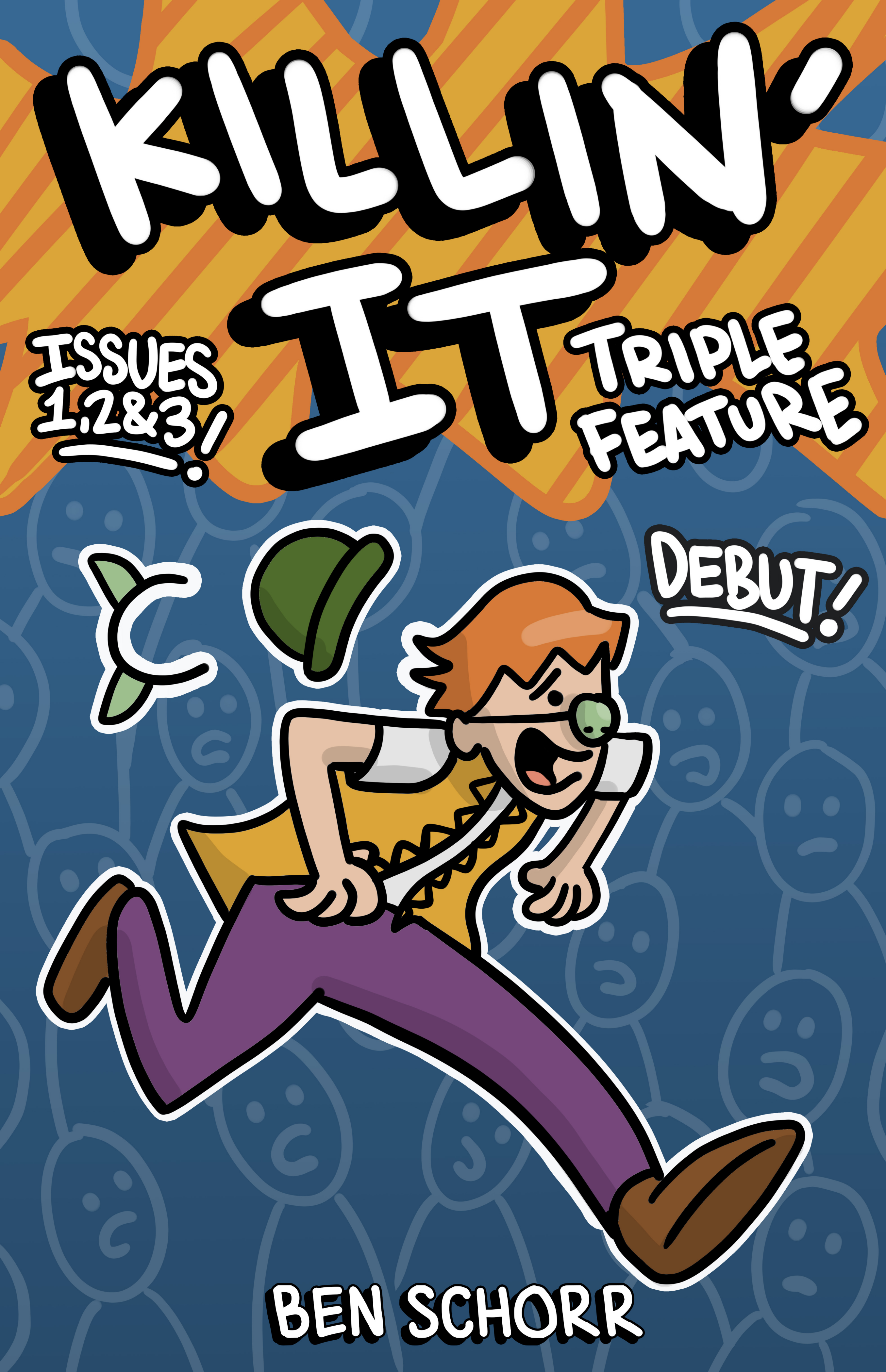

KILLIN' IT
ISSUES 1,2&3!
TRIPLE FEATURE
DEBUT!
BEN SCHORR

"*Killin' It* is ridiculously delightful. It's silly, it's dark, it's sweet, it's suspenseful — what more could you ask for? Now please stop reading my blurb and start reading *Killin' It*. You'll be glad you did!"

— Mitra Jouhari, *Three Busy Debras, Big Mouth, High Maintenance*

"Like *Bojack Horseman* and *Fawlty Towers* had a baby."

— Linnea Larsdotter, Actor & Producer, Founder *Nordic International Film Festival*

"Ben Schorr is a truly sick, sick person. And that makes for a hilarious comic book! I cracked up at every page, and the art is fantastic."

— Brandt Hamilton, Writer, Comedy Central's *Beavis and Butt-Head*, NBC's *Mr. Mayor*

"A comedy of errors... The ultimate matchup between optimism and reality."

— Mike Rankin, Rusty & Co.

KILLIN' IT: TRIPLE FEATURE

ISSUES 1, 2, & 3

FOR SYDNEY

MY SISTER'S DOG

MAY YOU ONE DAY LEARN TO READ

"KILLIN' IT: TRIPLE FEATURE"
WRITTEN, ILLUSTRATED AND LETTERED BY BEN SCHORR

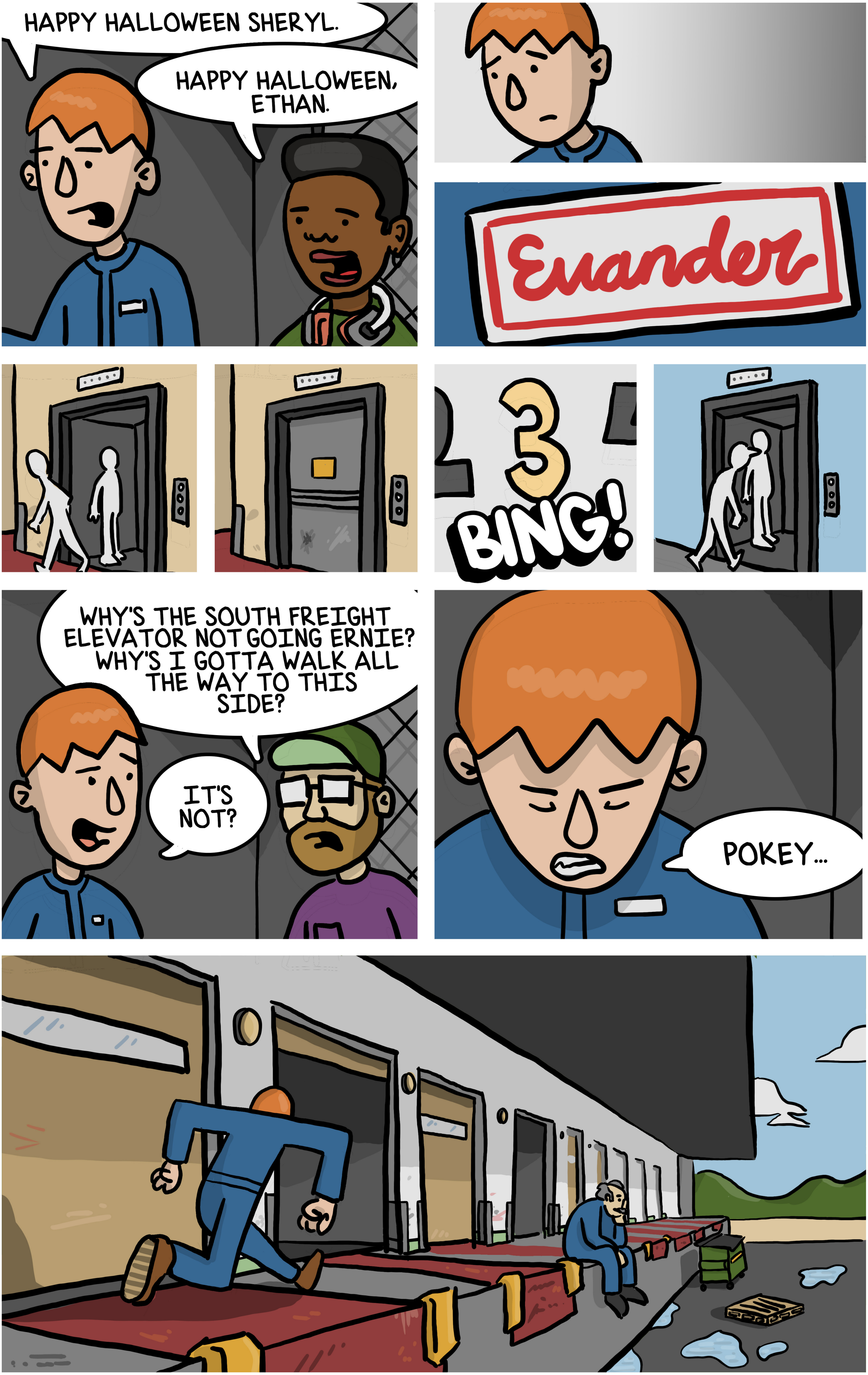
FIRST PRINTING SPRING 2021

SAN DIEGO, CA


KILLIN' IT #1
POOP
BEN SCHORR

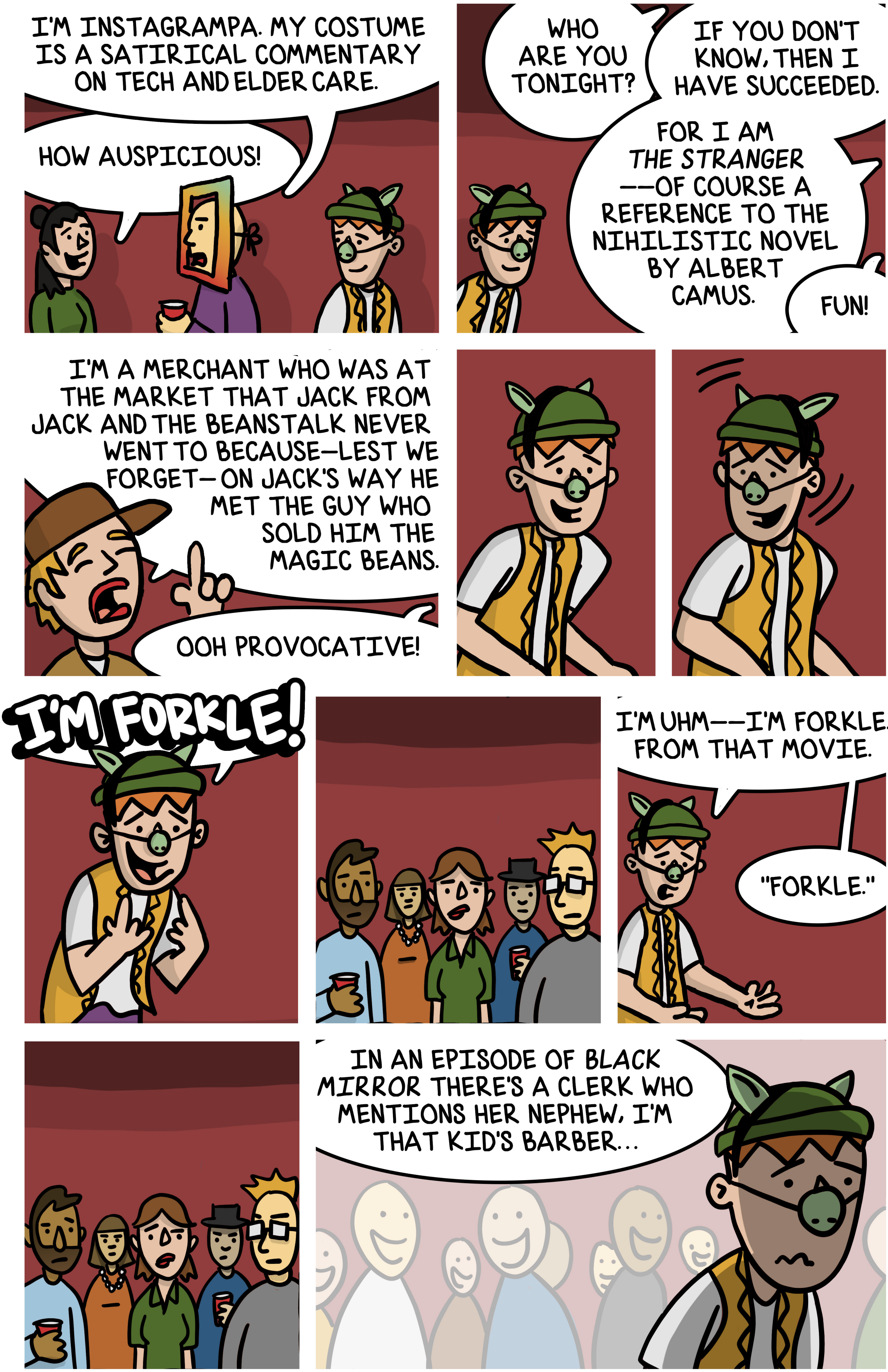



B 1 2 3
BING!
STAND CLEAR
SORRY FOR THE WAIT.
IT'S BEEN BUSY AS ALL HECK HERE TODAY.


HAPPY HALLOWEEN SHERYL.
HAPPY HALLOWEEN, ETHAN.
Evander
3
BING!
WHY'S THE SOUTH FREIGHT ELEVATOR NOT GOING ERNIE? WHY'S I GOTTA WALK ALL THE WAY TO THIS SIDE?
IT'S NOT?
POKEY...


POKEY, MY DUDE, WHY AREN'T YOU AT YOUR ELEVATOR?
UP AND DOWN! ALL DAY! IT'S JUST UP AND DOWN!
BING!
BING!
BING!
MY SHIFT'S OVER IN TEN MINUTES AND I CAN'T COVER YOU AGAIN.
I HAVE TO GET MY FORKLE COSTUME READY FOR TONIGHT
FORKLE? THE JOYFUL ORC? MY KIDS LOVED THAT MOVIE WHEN THEY WERE SMALL.
AND I LIKED THAT THERE WERE NO ELEVATORS.
NO BINGS!
BING!
BING!
BING!
BING!
sigh...
JUST GO HOME POKEY. I'LL COVER.
GET SOME SLEEP MY DUDE.
BING!
BING!
bing...
bing...
bing...


YOU'RE LATE!
AND YOUR COSTUME'S NOT EVEN READY!?!
I TOLD YOU THIS PARTY WAS A BIG DEAL!
HIGH CLASS!
WE'LL MAKE IT!
OH THAT'S HER. I'LL SEE YOU LATER.
HER? WHO? BUT I DON'T KNOW--
-ANYONE.


I'M INSTAGRAMPA. MY COSTUME IS A SATIRICAL COMMENTARY ON TECH AND ELDER CARE.
HOW AUSPICIOUS!
WHO ARE YOU TONIGHT?
IF YOU DON'T KNOW, THEN I HAVE SUCCEEDED.
FOR I AM THE STRANGER --OF COURSE A REFERENCE TO THE NIHILISTIC NOVEL BY ALBERT CAMUS.
FUN!
I'M A MERCHANT WHO WAS AT THE MARKET THAT JACK FROM JACK AND THE BEANSTALK NEVER WENT TO BECAUSE—LEST WE FORGET—ON JACK'S WAY HE MET THE GUY WHO SOLD HIM THE MAGIC BEANS.
OOH PROVOCATIVE!
I'M FORKLE!
I'M UHM--I'M FORKLE. FROM THAT MOVIE.
"FORKLE."
IN AN EPISODE OF BLACK MIRROR THERE'S A CLERK WHO MENTIONS HER NEPHEW, I'M THAT KID'S BARBER...


HEY BRO, I LIKE YOUR COSTUME.
THANKS MY DUDE! I WAS STARTING TO FEEL LIKE A REAL ORC BY THE WAY EVERYONE WAS--
YOU'RE A WIMPY LIL' LEPRECHAUN, RIGHT?
NO.
LIGHTEN UP.
THIS PARTY IS DOPE AS HELL.
EVEN WITH ALL THESE PEASENTS HERE.
I'M A SERF!
HEY I WASN'T DONE HAVING A WONDERFUL CONVERSATION WITH YOU.
MY COSTUME THIS EVENING IS SEXY BASHAR AL ASAAD.
THAT'S KIND OF POOR TASTE.
YOU KNOW WHAT TASTES POOR?


B!NG
KRAK!


OUT OF MY WAY! I'M A SEXY DOCTOR!
HE'S DEAD.
GASP!
ARE YOU SURE? I MEAN YOU ONLY PUT YOUR HAND THERE FOR LIKE A SEC––
HE'S DEAD.
GASP!
AND YOU USED YOUR THUMB, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO USE YOUR THU–––
HE'S DEAD.
GASP!
STOP DOING THAT!
MURDERER...
KILLER...
FORKLE...

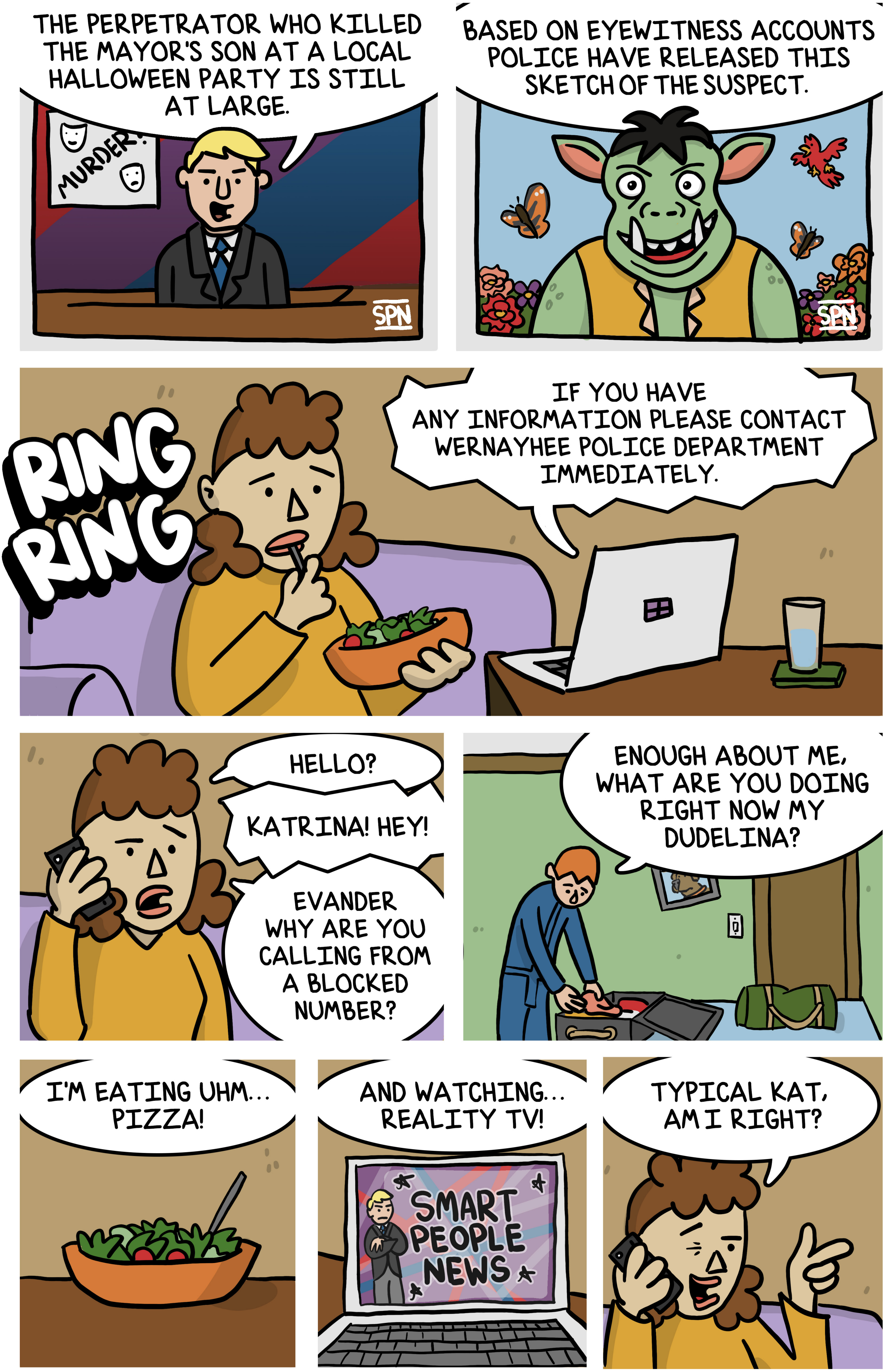

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!!!
RUN
YOU'RE A MONSTER!!!
HONK


HUF
HUF
HUF
POOP
WE HAVE BREAKING NEWS:
EARLIER THIS EVENING THE MAYOR'S SON
WAS MURDERED...

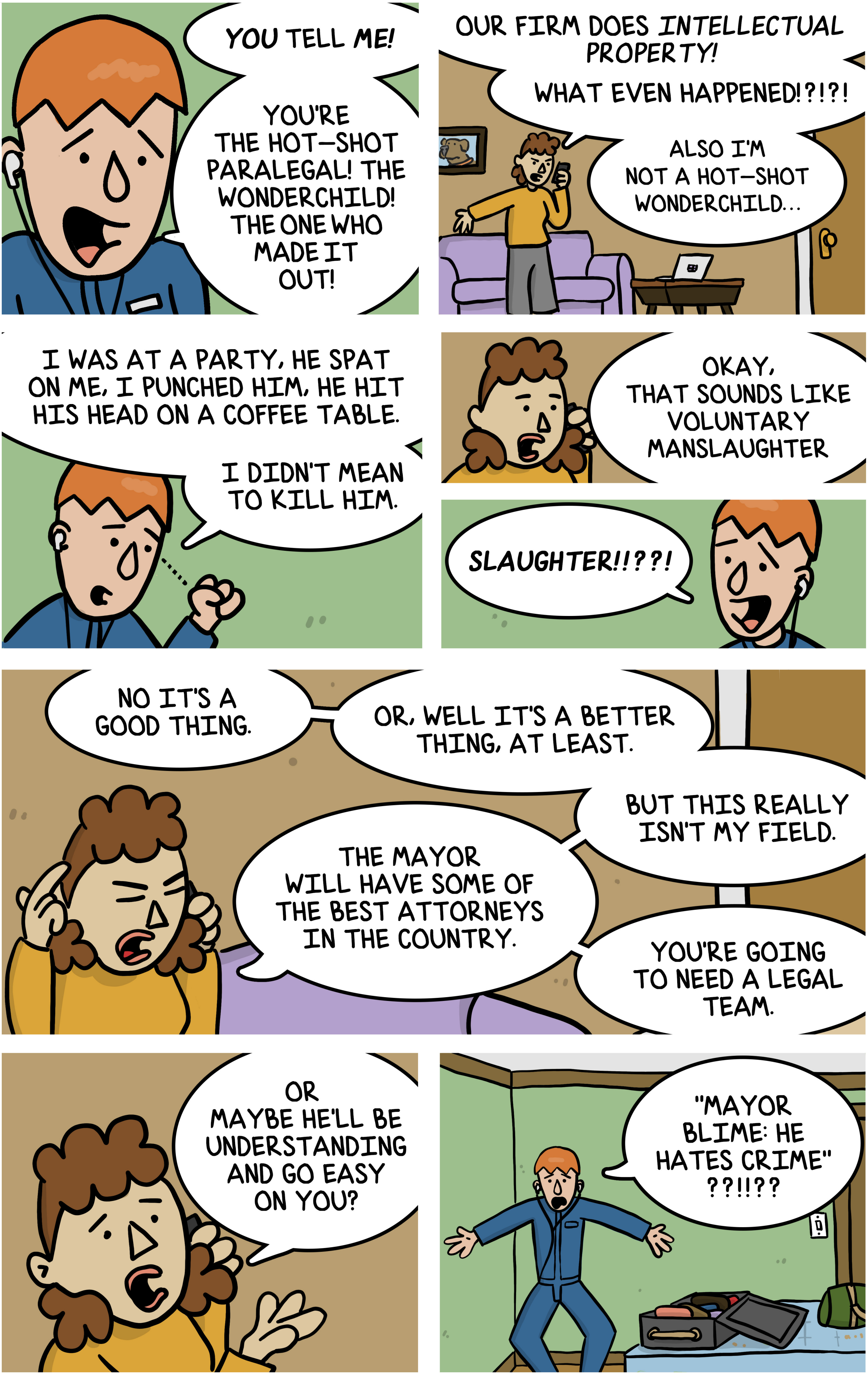



KILLIN' IT #2
BEN SCHORR



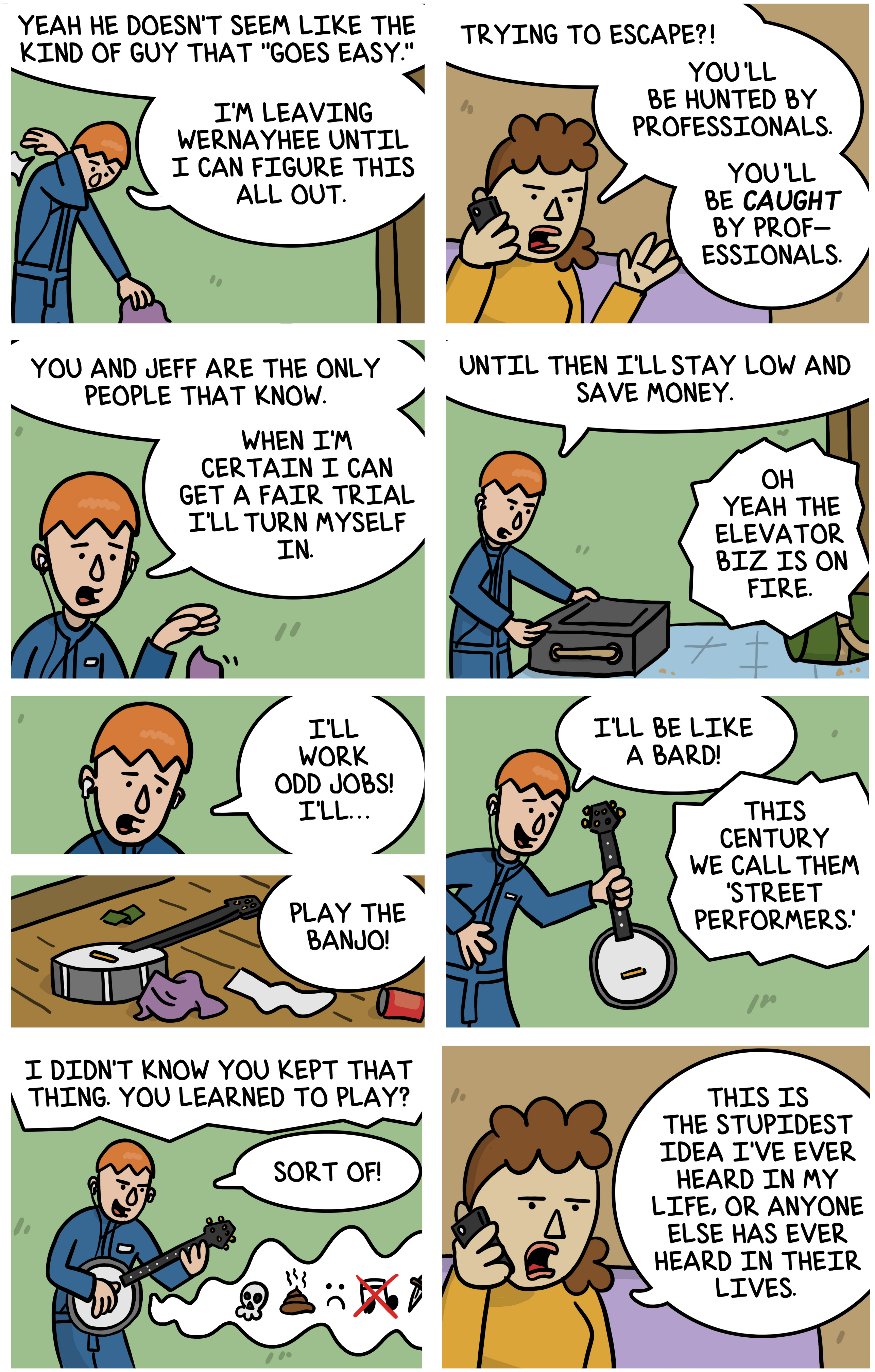

THE PERPETRATOR WHO KILLED THE MAYOR'S SON AT A LOCAL HALLOWEEN PARTY IS STILL AT LARGE.
MURDER!
SPN
BASED ON EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS POLICE HAVE RELEASED THIS SKETCH OF THE SUSPECT.
SPN
RING RING
IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT WERNAYHEE POLICE DEPARTMENT IMMEDIATELY.
HELLO?
KATRINA! HEY!
EVANDER WHY ARE YOU CALLING FROM A BLOCKED NUMBER?
ENOUGH ABOUT ME, WHAT ARE YOU DOING RIGHT NOW MY DUDELINA?
I'M EATING UHM... PIZZA!
AND WATCHING... REALITY TV!
SMART PEOPLE NEWS
TYPICAL KAT, AM I RIGHT?


HA HA! YES! YES!
YOU HAVEN'T SOUNDED LIKE THIS SINCE YOU CRASHED INTO MR. SCHRUDER'S CAR IN HIGH SCHOOL.
BOY, THOSE WERE CRAZY TIMES.
ANYHOO, I MURDERED.
WHAT?
WHAT DOES THAT––I MEAN, WHAT?
I KILLED SOMEONE. I, UHM, ENDED A HUMAN.
PLEASE DON'T TELL ME IT WAS THE MAYOR'S SON!
MAYOR'S SON? NO.
WAIT, WHAT DOES THE MAYOR'S SON LOOK LIKE?
POOFY HAIR. AND LIKE A DOUCHE.
IN LOVING MEMORY
SPN
I THINK I KILLED THE MAYOR'S SON.
EVANDER! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO!?!?


YOU TELL ME!
YOU'RE THE HOT-SHOT PARALEGAL! THE WONDERCHILD! THE ONE WHO MADE IT OUT!
OUR FIRM DOES INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY!
WHAT EVEN HAPPENED!?!?!
ALSO I'M NOT A HOT-SHOT WONDERCHILD...
I WAS AT A PARTY, HE SPAT ON ME, I PUNCHED HIM, HE HIT HIS HEAD ON A COFFEE TABLE.
I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM.
OKAY, THAT SOUNDS LIKE VOLUNTARY MANSLAUGHTER
SLAUGHTER!!??!
NO IT'S A GOOD THING.
OR, WELL IT'S A BETTER THING, AT LEAST.
BUT THIS REALLY ISN'T MY FIELD.
THE MAYOR WILL HAVE SOME OF THE BEST ATTORNEYS IN THE COUNTRY.
YOU'RE GOING TO NEED A LEGAL TEAM.
OR MAYBE HE'LL BE UNDERSTANDING AND GO EASY ON YOU?
"MAYOR BLIME: HE HATES CRIME" ??!!??


MAYOR BLIME!
HE HATES CRIME!!!
PAID FOR BY THE COMMITTEE
TO RE-ELECT MAYOR BLIME
MAYOR BLIME
OTHER MAYORS
THANKS MAYOR BLIME!
THANKS MAYOW BWIME!
HIS FIRST WORDS!
AWWWW


MAYOR BLIME !!!
HE
HATES
CRIME
BANK
I'M MAYOR BLIME AND I APPROVE THIS MESSAGE.

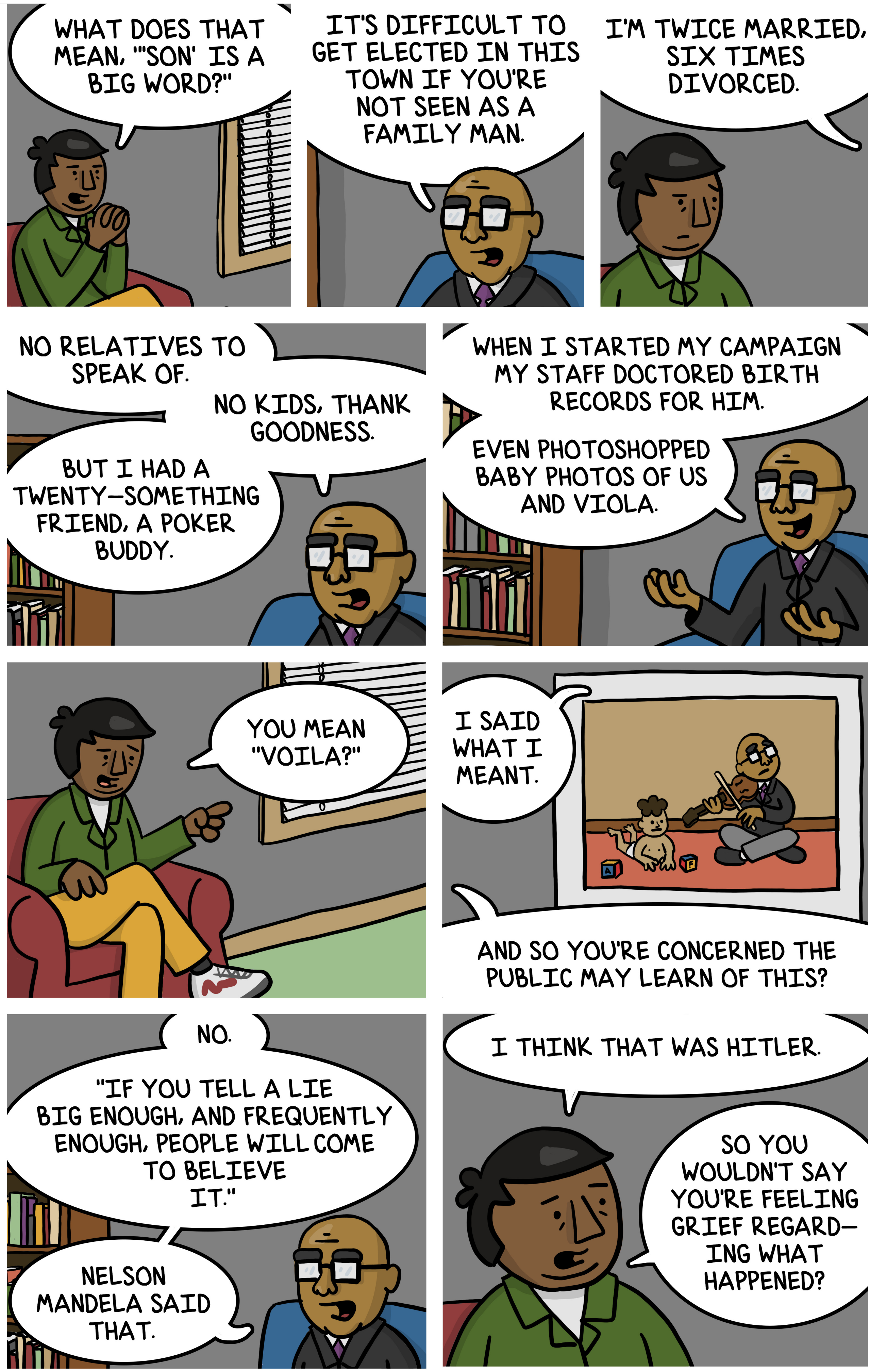

YEAH HE DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THE KIND OF GUY THAT "GOES EASY."
I'M LEAVING WERNAYHEE UNTIL I CAN FIGURE THIS ALL OUT.
TRYING TO ESCAPE?!
YOU'LL BE HUNTED BY PROFESSIONALS.
YOU'LL BE CAUGHT BY PROF-ESSIONALS.
YOU AND JEFF ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE THAT KNOW.
WHEN I'M CERTAIN I CAN GET A FAIR TRIAL I'LL TURN MYSELF IN.
UNTIL THEN I'LL STAY LOW AND SAVE MONEY.
OH YEAH THE ELEVATOR BIZ IS ON FIRE.
I'LL WORK ODD JOBS! I'LL...
PLAY THE BANJO!
I'LL BE LIKE A BARD!
THIS CENTURY WE CALL THEM 'STREET PERFORMERS.'
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU KEPT THAT THING. YOU LEARNED TO PLAY?
SORT OF!
THIS IS THE STUPIDEST IDEA I'VE EVER HEARD IN MY LIFE, OR ANYONE ELSE HAS EVER HEARD IN THEIR LIVES.


I JUST HAVE TO MAKE ENOUGH FOR FOOD AND GAS, THE REST I'LL PUT TOWARDS LAWYERS.
I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND HOW EXPENSIVE ATTORNEYS ARE.
YOU KNOW SOMEONE WHO WOULD REPRESENT ME––WHAT'S THE WORD? ALWAYS REMINDS ME OF U2 FOR SOME REASON?
WHATEVER––YOU KNOW ANYONE THROUGH YOUR JOB THAT WOULD REPRESENT ME FOR FREE?
I DON'T THINK SO...
I MEAN, I DON'T KNOW...
PLEASE KATRINA.
I DON'T KNOW ANYONE ELSE WHO KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT ANYTHING.
OR ANYONE WHO EVEN KNOWS ANYONE WHO KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT ANYTHING.
YOU MUST KNOW SOMEONE WHO CAN HELP ME. THERE'S NO ONE ELSE FOR A YOUNG DEADBEAT LIKE ME.


I CAN'T PROMISE THAT I'LL BE ABLE TO HELP
BUT I PROMISE I WILL TRY.
THANK YOU KATRINA, THANK YOU SO--
PRO-BONO!
THAT'S THE WORD I WAS LOOKING FOR!
GOOD LUCK EVANDER.


MAYOR BLIME, ARE THERE ANY LEADS ON THE PERPETRATOR?
CAN YOU CONFIRM RUMORS THAT NOTORIOUS BOUNTY HUNTER CRACAW IS ON THE CASE?
MAYOR BLIME, WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO, GOT TO DO WITH IT?
WHAT'S LOVE BUT A SECOND HAND EMOTION?
AND WHO NEEDS A HEART WHEN A HEART CAN BE BROKEN?
CITY HALL
DOCTOR KADHAR IS WAITING IN YOUR OFFICE SIR.
HELLO MR. BLIME.
THANK YOU FOR MEETING HERE.
I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND PRIVACY IS OF PARTICULAR CONCERN FOR ME.


UNDERSTOOD. REMEMBER EVERYTHING DISCUSSED BETWEEN A THERAPIST AND CLIENT REMAINS CONFIDENTIAL.
I'VE ALREADY DONE MUCH SELF-REFLECTION.
AND I'M KEENLY SELF-AWARE.
SO WE CAN SAVE TIME AND START AT LEVEL TWO, OR WHAT HAVE YOU.
I...DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.
HOWEVER IF YOU'RE SAYING YOU'D LIKE TO START WITH THE MOST PRESSING MATTERS, LET'S BEGIN WITH HOW YOU'RE FEELING ABOUT THE INCIDENT.
FRANKLY I'M FEELING A SENSE OF LOSS THAT I'LL NEVER ENJOY THE FORKLE FILMS THE SAME WAY.
THAT IS CERTAINLY ONE WAY IN WHICH GRIEF ABOUT YOUR SON CAN MANIFEST.
WELL, "SON" IS A BIG WORD.
IT'S NOT THOUGH.


WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, "'SON' IS A BIG WORD?"
IT'S DIFFICULT TO GET ELECTED IN THIS TOWN IF YOU'RE NOT SEEN AS A FAMILY MAN.
I'M TWICE MARRIED, SIX TIMES DIVORCED.
NO RELATIVES TO SPEAK OF.
NO KIDS, THANK GOODNESS.
BUT I HAD A TWENTY-SOMETHING FRIEND, A POKER BUDDY.
WHEN I STARTED MY CAMPAIGN MY STAFF DOCTORED BIRTH RECORDS FOR HIM.
EVEN PHOTOSHOPPED BABY PHOTOS OF US AND VIOLA.
YOU MEAN "VOILA?"
I SAID WHAT I MEANT.
AND SO YOU'RE CONCERNED THE PUBLIC MAY LEARN OF THIS?
NO.
"IF YOU TELL A LIE BIG ENOUGH, AND FREQUENTLY ENOUGH, PEOPLE WILL COME TO BELIEVE IT."
NELSON MANDELA SAID THAT.
I THINK THAT WAS HITLER.
SO YOU WOULDN'T SAY YOU'RE FEELING GRIEF REGARD-ING WHAT HAPPENED?


GOODNESS NO.
HE WAS KIND OF A DOUCHE.
AND A LIABILITY.
HIS RAUCOUS BEHAVIOR AROUND TOWN DIDN'T FIT MY IMAGE.
NEITHER DOES SEEING A THERAPIST.
BEFORE ALL THIS MY STAFF NEVER WOULD HAVE ALLOWED IT.
IF YOU EVEN THINK ABOUT POLLUTING...
HE WILL PIN YOU DOWN AND BREAK YOUR FOOT
RE-ELECT BLIME!
BUT NOW, EVEN IF THE PUBLIC LEARNS OF OUR SESSIONS, I HAVE THE EXCUSE OF BEING A "GRIEVING FATHER," JUST LOOKING FOR HELP PROCESSING.
OKAY THERE'S...... A LOT WE CAN UNPACK HERE.
FIRST I SHOULD ASK, IF YOU'RE NOT UPSET ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO REACH OUT TO ME?
BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN HOLDING ON TO A SECRET.
WE'RE ONLY AS SICK AS OUR SECRETS.
I...
I DON'T REALLY HATE CRIME.
I'M INDIFFERENT TO IT, FRANKLY.


BUT WHEN YOU'RE A MAYORAL CANDIDATE WITH A LAST NAME THAT RYHMES WITH CRIME, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...
AND OF ALL THE SECRETS I HAVE LOCKED AWAY, THIS IS THE ONE THAT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY.
IN MY LINE OF WORK WE TRY NOT TO USE THE WORD CRAZ--
CONTINUE.
I'VE BUILT MY CAREER ON THIS CHARADE. AND THEN THIS MAN, THIS ORC, CALLS MY BLUFF.
I JUST FEEL SO--
BANG
NAME'S CRACAW.
I PLAY BY MY OWN RULES.


I TRIED TO STOP HER BUT SHE--
PLAYS BY HER OWN RULES.
--PINCHED MY BELLY.
CRACAW, YOUR REPUTATION PRECEDES YOU.
I'M HERE TO TELL YOU I'M GONNA FIND THIS "FORKLE" THAT KILLED YOUR BOY.
WELL YOU'D BETTER GET TO IT THEN.
CRACAW
OH THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT BRO...
derek was here




KILLIN' IT #3
BEN SCHORR

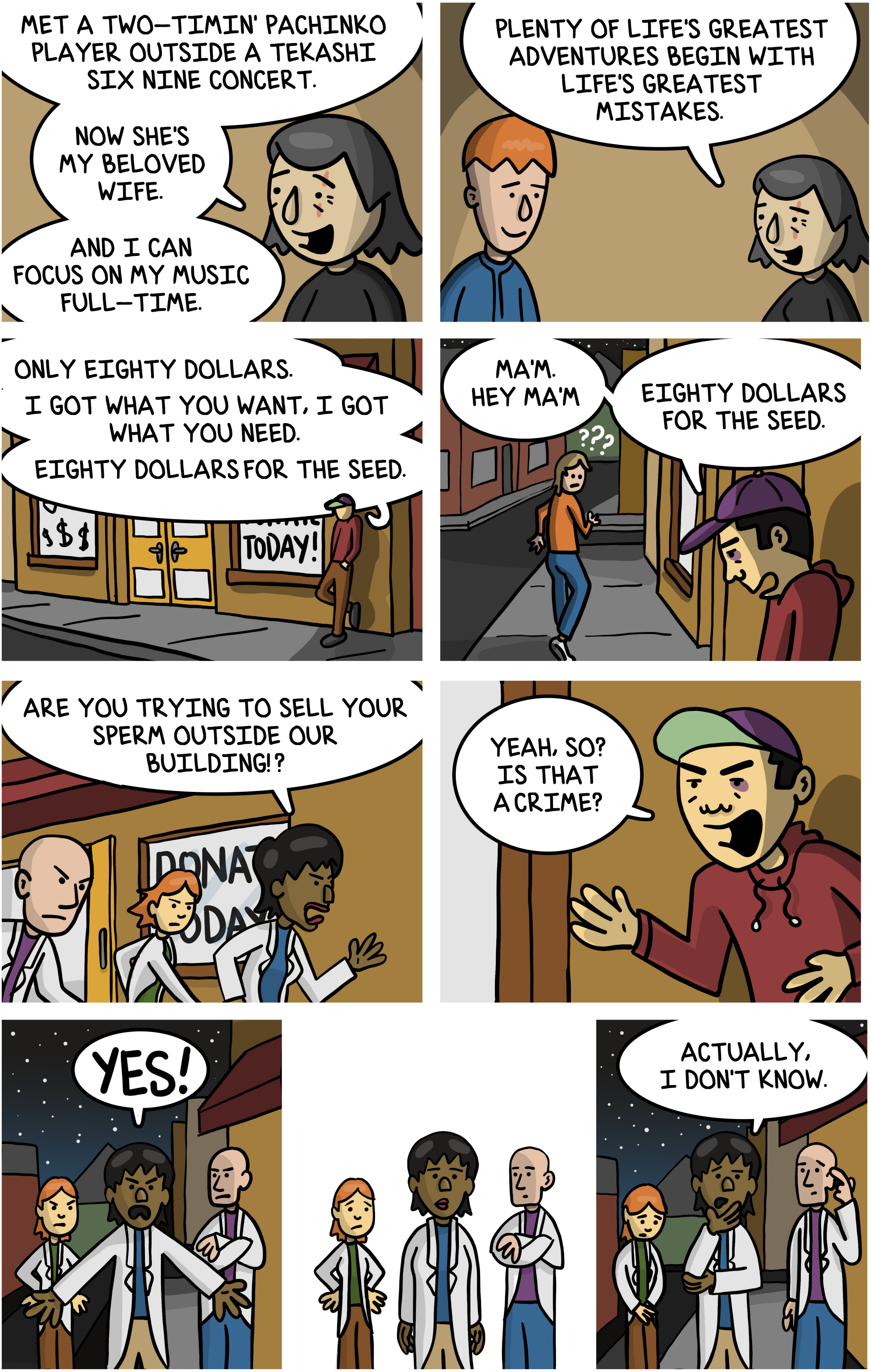


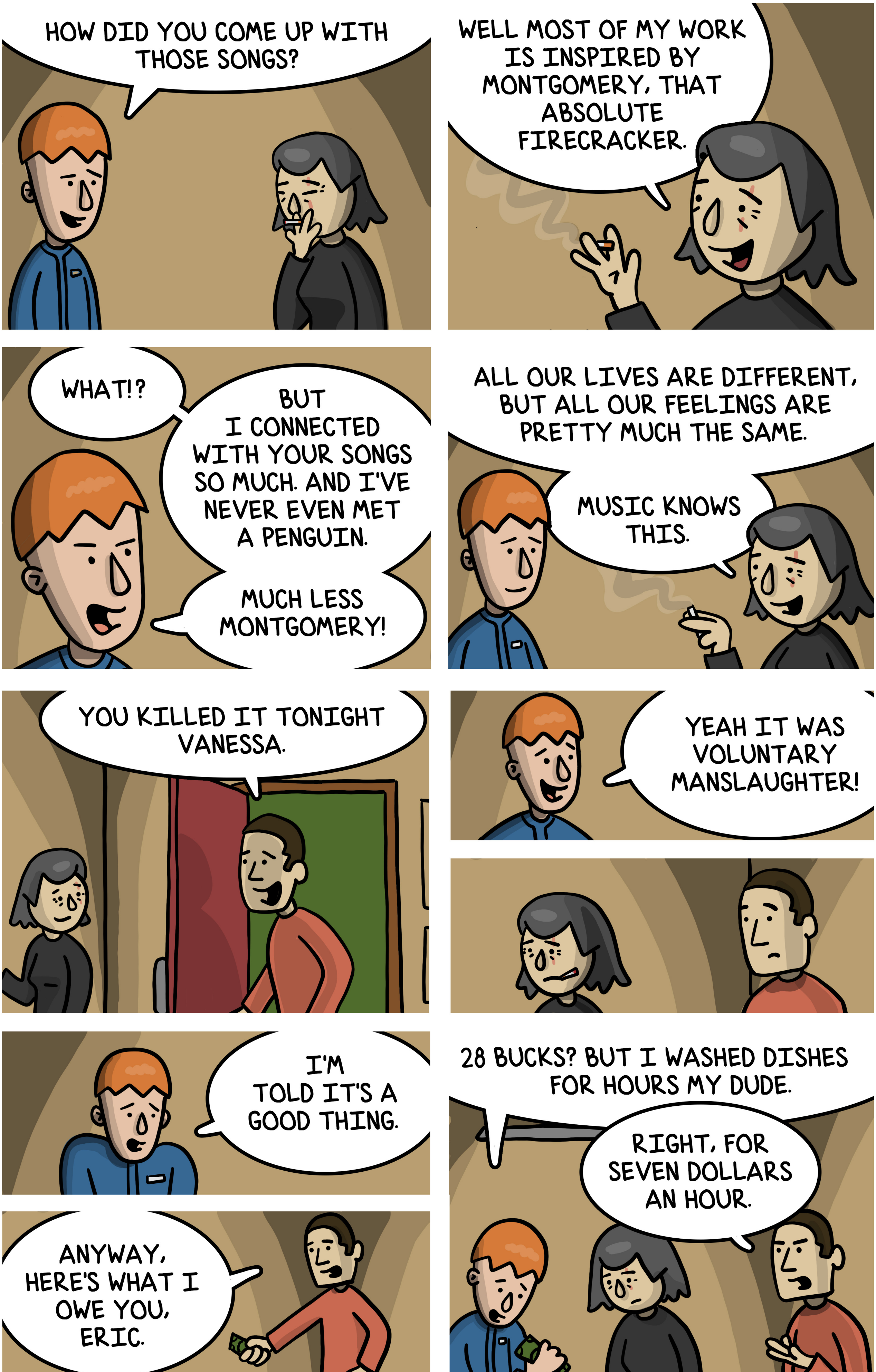

I CAN GET YOU THE MONEY FOR A LAWYER, NO PROB, BRO.
JEFF, I LOVE YOU MY DUDE BUT YOU'RE THE MOST UNEMPLOYED PERSON I KNOW.
TRUST ME.
I GOT YOU COVERED.
OKAY. THANKS JEFF.
KNUCKLES DON'T CRACK...
MR. TRAN, YOU INDICATED HERE YOU HAVE AN IDENTICAL TWIN UNCLE?
WERNAYHEE CRYOBANK
DONATE TODAY!
YUP.
LIL' STEVE.
AND YOU ALSO WROTE––NOT IN RESPONSE TO A QUESTION BUT JUST AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE––THAT YOU THINK YOU HAVE "HEPATITIS Z?"
YEAH I DIDN'T SEE A SPOT FOR IT IN THE MEDICAL HISTORY SECTION.
I CAN'T REMEMBER IF THAT'S WHAT MY PODIATRIST SAID IT WAS OR IF IT WAS SOMETHING ELSE...

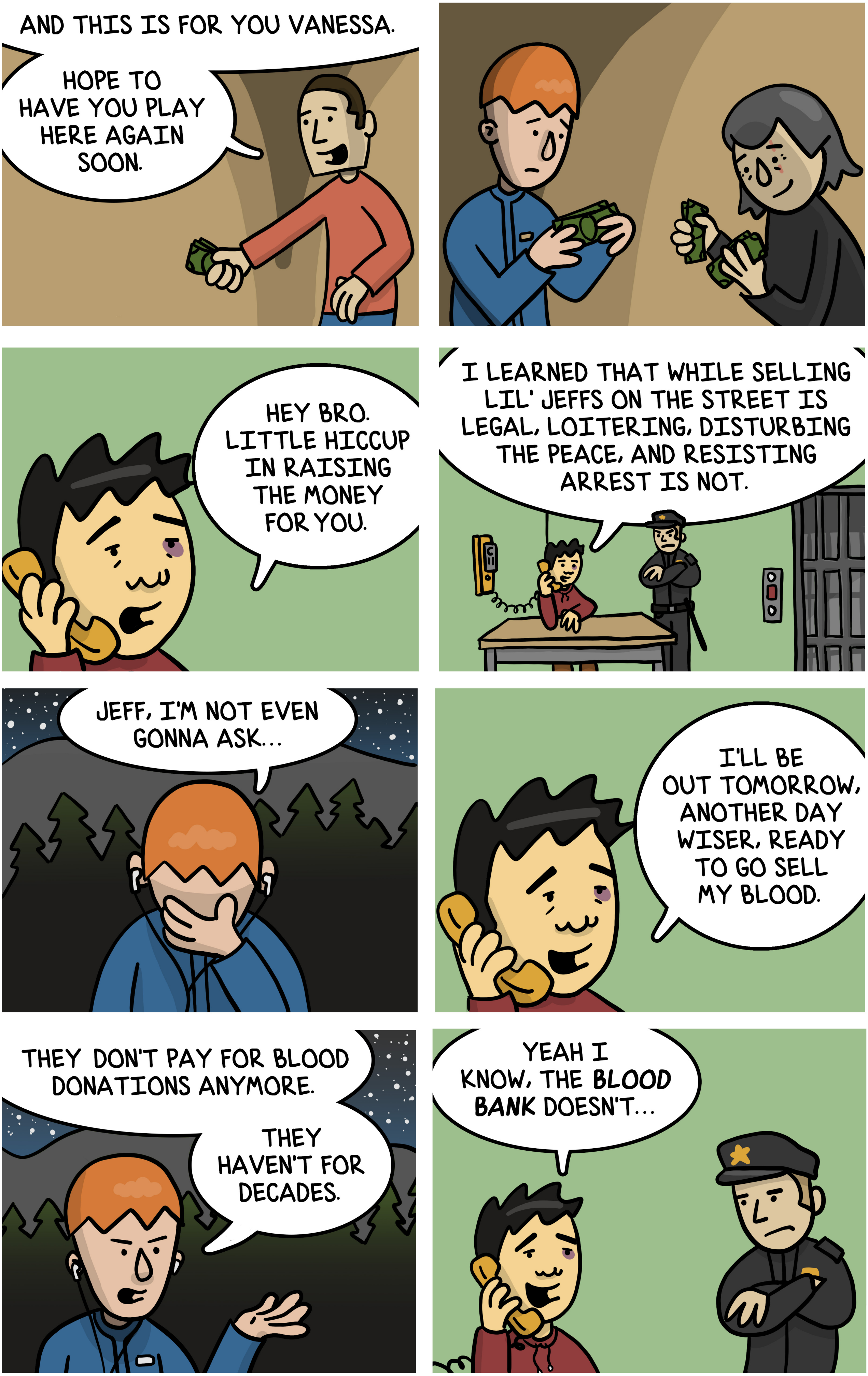

I SEE.
WE'VE ACTUALLY FILLED OUR QUOTA FOR DONORS THIS MONTH.
WE'LL LET YOU KNOW IF OUR NEEDS CHANGE.
I KNOW WHAT THAT REALLY MEANS.
BUT FINE. I DON'T NEED YOU ANYWAY.
DONATE!
NO HARD FEELINGS.
I'M PASSING THROUGH TOWN AND LOOKING FOR EXTRA CASH.
YOU HAVE DISHES THAT NEED WASHING?
LIVE MUSIC TONIGHT
NO MINORS
ESPECIALLY NOT YOU, DAVE
GOOD TIMING. MY USUAL GUY JUST CALLED OUT.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN PLEASE WELCOME VANESSA MAURICE!



I CAN'T FLY
CAN BARELY RUN
BUT I'M FIGHTING MY WAY
AWAY FROM THE SUN
I NEED MY SECRETS
AND TO BE ON MY OWN
BUT I WANT TO BE SEEN
I WANT TO BE KNOWN
COCKTAILS!
HEY THAT WAS REALLY FREAKIN' BEAUTIFUL.
OH, THANK YOU.
I'VE BEEN THINKING A LOT ABOUT A UHM, MISTAKE I MADE.
YOUR SONGS REALLY SPOKE TO ME.
I USED TO BE A ZOOKEEPER UNTIL I GOT FIRED FOR TRYING TO TRAIN A FEISTY LITTLE PENGUIN NAMED MONTGOMERY HOW TO ESCAPE.
???
AS MUCH AS I MISS THE MONT-I-NATOR, GETTING FIRED WAS THE BEST THING TO HAPPEN TO ME.
I WENT HITCHHIKING.


MET A TWO-TIMIN' PACHINKO PLAYER OUTSIDE A TEKASHI SIX NINE CONCERT.
NOW SHE'S MY BELOVED WIFE.
AND I CAN FOCUS ON MY MUSIC FULL-TIME.
PLENTY OF LIFE'S GREATEST ADVENTURES BEGIN WITH LIFE'S GREATEST MISTAKES.
ONLY EIGHTY DOLLARS.
I GOT WHAT YOU WANT, I GOT WHAT YOU NEED.
EIGHTY DOLLARS FOR THE SEED.
$$$
TODAY!
MA'M. HEY MA'M
???
EIGHTY DOLLARS FOR THE SEED.
ARE YOU TRYING TO SELL YOUR SPERM OUTSIDE OUR BUILDING!?
YEAH, SO? IS THAT A CRIME?
YES!
ACTUALLY, I DON'T KNOW.


HOW DID YOU COME UP WITH THOSE SONGS?
WELL MOST OF MY WORK IS INSPIRED BY MONTGOMERY, THAT ABSOLUTE FIRECRACKER.
WHAT!?
BUT I CONNECTED WITH YOUR SONGS SO MUCH. AND I'VE NEVER EVEN MET A PENGUIN.
MUCH LESS MONTGOMERY!
ALL OUR LIVES ARE DIFFERENT, BUT ALL OUR FEELINGS ARE PRETTY MUCH THE SAME.
MUSIC KNOWS THIS.
YOU KILLED IT TONIGHT VANESSA.
YEAH IT WAS VOLUNTARY MANSLAUGHTER!
I'M TOLD IT'S A GOOD THING.
ANYWAY, HERE'S WHAT I OWE YOU, ERIC.
28 BUCKS? BUT I WASHED DISHES FOR HOURS MY DUDE.
RIGHT, FOR SEVEN DOLLARS AN HOUR.


AND THIS IS FOR YOU VANESSA.
HOPE TO HAVE YOU PLAY HERE AGAIN SOON.
HEY BRO. LITTLE HICCUP IN RAISING THE MONEY FOR YOU.
I LEARNED THAT WHILE SELLING LIL' JEFFS ON THE STREET IS LEGAL, LOITERING, DISTURBING THE PEACE, AND RESISTING ARREST IS NOT.
JEFF, I'M NOT EVEN GONNA ASK...
I'LL BE OUT TOMORROW, ANOTHER DAY WISER, READY TO GO SELL MY BLOOD.
THEY DON'T PAY FOR BLOOD DONATIONS ANYMORE.
THEY HAVEN'T FOR DECADES.
YEAH I KNOW, THE **BLOOD BANK** DOESN'T...


JUST DON'T GET IN ANY TROUBLE FOR ME, JEFF.
AND MAKE SURE NO ONE ELSE LEARNS ABOUT...WHAT HAPPENED.
FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THIS WHOLE MESS STARTED
I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL HOPEFUL.
SONGWRITING 101
BANJO FOR IMBECILES
BAD NEWS POKEY...


EVANDER IS NO LONGER WITH US.
CALLED EARLIER AND SAID HE HAD TO DEAL WITH "PERSONAL STUFF."
YOU HEAR ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAYOR'S SON?
MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD BY A GUY DRESSED AS FORKLE.
OOOH I LOVE THAT MOVIE.
I HAVE TO GET MY FORKLE COSTUME READY FOR TONIGHT.
BING!

SPECIAL THANKS TO
MARK SCHORR, EMILY SCHORR,
MIKE RANKIN AND RACHEL RANKIN

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